

LA Patchwork: Personal Essay

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“So many people try to grow up too fast, and it’s not fun! You should stay a kid as long as possible”, so said Vanessa Hudgens. She is a few years older than me, much more successful in her career and perhaps prettier than me; We are so different in so many ways, yet we both share one thing in common: We both don’t want to grow up. With growing up, comes more responsibility than before, independence from one’s parents and also more serious consequences, but most importantly, growing up means having to leave one’s childhood forever. Therefore, I know I will have to grow up someday, but I’m not ready just yet.

Indeed, all childhood long, many people look forward to the day when they become a “Grown-Up” and can prove that they’re mature or cool, and finally have freedom. In my opinion, they’re wrong. When you’ve really grown up, you’re faced with more responsibility, you’re expected to be able to survive on your own. You should also know how to make the right choices, and have the courage to face the consequences should you make the wrong choices for yourself. With that definition of growing up, I’m glad to say that I’m not a “Grown-Up” yet; I still think that I’m not responsible enough, independent enough, and old enough to know how to make all the right choices. I still depend on my parents a great deal. But looking around me, it seems like I may be the only one who thinks that way.

I look back at a time when everyone around me, but myself, was excited about growing up. I was graduating from kindergarten that year and my class had decided to put up a short play for the graduation ceremony. We would have rehearsals everyday, some of which were full-dress rehearsals. All the girls around me would happily put on their princess-like dresses, while I quietly put on mine. They would patiently line up for their turn for the teacher to help them apply make-up, while I cried to myself in the corner of the classroom, absolutely denying the teacher the chance to put her make-up on my face. I was so different from everyone else, who wanted to act like a “Grown-Up”, I just hated that thought.

When I think about this incident now, I still think that I was right to not want to grow up. While we’re still kids, we should just have as much fun as we can. Why would anyone want to waste that precious time? Right now, it feels like I’m reaching the end of my childhood because I don’t really have a choice. I’m turning 15 this year, but I hope that I can still keep that part of my childhood with me forever.

I always told myself that I never wanted to grow up, because I didn’t want to be any older, and lose what I had then. This, I still believe, and always will.

(498 Words)